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Providence, Sept. 22, '70.

Dear Wife - I handed Charlotte your letter, enclosed in the one received from you this morning, and send you her reply.

I am sorry to say that Dr. Dunham's powders, to induce sleep, have for the last two nights proved unavailing. The constant burning and itching are more than a match for any sedative that can be (or, rather, that has been) administered to me.

Last evening Dr. Dow applied electricity in a different manner from what he has done, thinking it might prove more quieting; but I had a night of torment, nevertheless. To-day I have been ^{more} than usual in a fever condition.

Yet, on the whole, I am better than when I came: that is, my appetite is better, they tell me I look better, and perhaps I am a little stronger, strange to say.

I received a line from Wendell this morning. They will be looking for me at the Park next week.

I dread to return home on account of the mosquitoes. There is no sure protection against them but a netting for the bed. Charlotte's requires no making a hole in the wall to suspend the canopy. The contrivance is attached to the bedstead, and very simple.

I shall need no thicker clothing than I have. The weather is marvellously fine, and quite warm in the middle of the day. Besides, I shall hope to be with you on Saturday.

You seem to have been favored as to your ride, and must have it repeated soon before the cold weather sets in.

My indebtedness to Henry and Charlotte is large, and in some tangible way it must be recognized. Love to all the dear ones. Your own W. L. G.